

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1806.

No. 14.

THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY,

COMMONLY CALLED

THE YOUNG RŌSCIUS.

(Continued from our last.)

THIS is apparent from the rent paid by the managers, Messrs. Lewis and Knight, to the proprietors, which is fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The house is also considerably more spacious than any other in the empire, except those before mentioned; yet the difficulty of admittance was such, during the performance of the young Rocius, that a few minutes after the door was opened, not a place was to be obtained in any part of the house. When the box office opened in a morning, the pressure to procure places was so excessive, that many gentlemen had their clothes torn in pieces, their hats and shoes carried away in the crowd, and themselves, sometimes, severely bruised, and almost suffocated in the attempt. There is reason to believe that if the theatre had been twice as large it would have been equally thronged. The terms of his engagement were so liberal that he received from the managers, for his share of the profits of fifteen

nights, the enormous sum of fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, as appears from Mr. Betty's receipt in Mr. Knights possession. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of so large a sum having ever before been paid to any individual for personal exertion alone, in the same space of time.

'From Liverpool he went to Chester' where he played seven nights; and his performances, as usual, were attended by all the gentry of the neighbourhood for a circuit of many miles. He left that city on the 9th of November, in order to perform a few nights at Manchester, which was his last engagement in the country, previous to his appearance on the boards of the metropolis.

'It is a little remarkable, that, though on the stage his deportment and address are so completely those of a man, yet in private life he is more than commonly childish; all his amusements and sports are infantine, even beyond his years. But though among his equals in age he is sportive and boyish, his usual manner is serious and pensive: sometimes he appears restrained and timid; at others, he seems indifferent to every thing around him. But his fondness for play, and for every thing else, instantly give way when his favourite pursuit is in the question. His attachment to his art is paramount to every other passion; and his character is another illustration of the remark, that

nature seldom inspires a strange ambition for any object without furnishing at the same time, the abilities to attain it.

It has been already said, in the biographical sketch before given, that Mr. Jackson, the manager of the Edinburgh theatre, having engaged master Betty to play at Edinburgh, he performed in that city fourteen nights. 'His reception there,' says Mr. Jackson, 'was, beyond all conception or belief, unexpected, heartfelt, and universal; which completed my wishes and the triumph of the youth. To heighten the brilliancy of the successful close, chance threw in a fortunate incident.

'On the forenoon of the play-day I met Mr. Home, the author of Douglas, on the North-bridge. Compliments being exchanged, I informed him that his popular play was to be performed that night. He said he had not heard of it; and enquired in what manner it was to be represented. I replied, it would be to his entire satisfaction. Explanations took place; and he promised me to be in the house before the opening of the play; "But," says he, "I must have my old place: I shall come to your house, and you shall conduct me to it." He came according to his word; and I had the pleasure of seating him at the side of the first wiro where I had enjoyed the same honor that very play forty-three years and I

formance of the evening. I read his looks, and saw the undisguised workings of his frame. The play concluded with reiterated applause; which, scarcely ceasing, the author of Douglas, in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, stepped forward before the curtain, and bowed respectfully to the audience; retiring amidst the convulsed and tumultuous acclamations of the house.

(To be continued.)

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

In continuation.

WHEN I got home, they were at supper; and I was much surprised to see a man, of about sixty years of age, by the side of Henrietta, grey-haired, with an open countenance, who, as soon as M. Durant said, "We did not expect you to supper M. Paulin," rose from the table, and embraced me cordially; saying, "It is a long time, my good young man, since I have wished to know you: your countenance announces that you merit all the good that is spoken of you. I am very sorry that the death of Madame Molard has hindered your union with my niece. Come, nephew, sit down by her; and tomorrow we will regulate that affair. I hope," added he, addressing himself to Robert, who was on the other side of Henrietta, "that this young man will have no objection to make room for you." Robert, without answering, drew back his chair, with a very indifferent grace; and Henrietta kept her eyes fixed on her plate.

M. Bayron (for that was the name of Henrietta's uncle) perceived his niece's constraint, as well as Robert's and mine. "What does this mean?" said he. "You seem dissatisfied, Henrietta! Your intended has also a constrained look; and this youth, whose sitting I have deranged, manifests much ill-humour." "I will explain to you, my uncle, the reasons for the state of sentiments with respect to

you have a better offer? I have no patience; I will not wait until to-morrow; I will have an explanation this instant."—"But, my dear uncle, I cannot."—"You can—I like not many words; a seaman knows how to employ his time: speak; you pout! These are love-tricks."—"No, my dear uncle; I protest to you, I will never marry M. Paulin."—"A speech, truly, without much circumlocution.—And what reason determines you thus to break with him?"—"A very simple one; it is, that my gentleman, without any regard for me, has disposed of the sum which ought to assure our establishment; and I am determined not to marry a man who does not know the value of money, and who dissipates it in extravagancies."—"What, M. Paulin, you! who are so well spoken of, are you guilty of follies?"—"To oblige a person in distress, is not, in my opinion, a reproachable action."—"No, damn it, no; but I should like to know the whole matter, before I pronounce in favour of one or the other."

I related to M. Bayron the circumstance of my loan to Capt. Wilkes, and he heard me with the greatest interest: his eyes dropped tears; and striking a heavy blow on the table with his clinched fist, he cast a look of indignation on his niece:—"A thousand tempests! is this, Miss," said he "what you call a foolish action! Know that I conceive it a sublime one: you ought to blush for shame. I perceive M. Paulin loves you still. Come, give him your hand; embrace, and let us have no more apishness."—"Although you approve, uncle, of the action of M. Paulin, I do not remain less firmly decided to renounce him: besides, I have made another choice."—"You have made another choice! and that choice, I think, is not very difficult to guess, Miss!"—"I think, uncle, that Mr. Robert suits me better in all respects."—"The choice suits you, Miss: I think I have the right to tell you, that it does not suit me by any means: however, you will act as you think proper—but recollect, that from this instant, I consider you as no longer my niece: you understand me! let that suffice."—"Sir," said I to Henrietta's uncle, "whatever it has, and may cost me, in losing your niece's heart, I beseech you not to withdraw your protection from her. In following the impulse of my mind, in succouring Captain Wilkes, I was certainly far from thinking that I unloosed the bonds of love: your niece has convinced me, by her conduct, that indifference has succeed-

ed to the tender sentiment which united us; I have seen the attentions of Robert to her, and I cannot mistake the end he aims at. I have felt all the torments of a real passion; jealousy has been my punishment: the evils I endured, so far from softening Henrietta, have, on the contrary, made her conduct more haughty towards me; she has made me drink plentifully of humiliation and disgust; she has renounced me, and I renounce her: may the man she judges more worthy her attachment, form her happiness; it is my sincerest wish."

"I thank you," said Henrietta, with a smile, in which irony was painted, "I thank you, M. Paulin; I could not expect less civility on your part."—"You are impertinent, niece: you will have time to weep your present loss; you will feel it one day, but it will be too late. Adieu; I consent to your marriage; and, like M. Paulin, I wish you all imaginable prosperity;" taking my hand.—"You, my worthy friend, let me have the pleasure of your company to-morrow at nine, at the Wild Man, the hotel where I lodge; we will breakfast together; and since fate will not allow you to be my nephew, I flatter myself you will not refuse to become my friend."—"With all my heart, Sir; I will do all that lies in my power to render myself worthy of being so."

As soon as M. Bayron was gone out, Henrietta hastened to her chamber, and Robert to his. M. Durant, who was contented to remain a simple spectator, shook me affectionately by the hand, saying, "I sincerely wish you may soon find another Henrietta: I confess to you, I think this is a happy rupture; this girl does not suit you, and your union with her would have rendered you very unhappy: your characters do not sympathize together; she is hard, cold, and interested; you are mild, obliging, and possess sensibility; and this disparity would have rendered you, of all men, the most to be pitied; Robert, on the contrary, is a morose, avaricious man, who, like herself, only lives to amass money, without being very delicate about the means of acquiring it." I agreed with M. Durant that he was right. I could not, however detach myself altogether so far from Henrietta, without feeling the liveliest regret at separating myself from her for ever. I went to rest with a mind agitated with the diverse scenes of the day; that which had passed at my good friend Bertrand's affected

me much more than the rest ; the image of the interesting Josephine presented itself to my soul under the most tender aspect. "She loves me," said I ; "I cannot doubt it ; and my happiness would be perfect, if I could pay her in return. Why should I not attach myself to this sensible and amiable creature ? It is in her love I shall find an indemnification for the sharp afflictions which have been my lot ever since I was a year old. It is done ; I have broke with Henrietta ; she cannot, nor ought to be mine ; let me then cultivate the favourable dispositions of Josephine towards me : in uniting myself to her, I double the ties that attach me to those who received me in my childhood, and who opened the way for me to arrive at what I now am." Unable to sleep, I rose, and wrote to Josephine in the following terms :

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

A Fragment.

* * * SUCH is the man of experience and principle whose friendship is a treasure more valuable than both Indies. There is something about him wonderfully soothing and consolatory ; a certain charm in all he does and says, that strangely softens and ravishes every sympathetic mind. In his presence the labouring breast is relieved, and the swelling heart gets vent ; the saddest soul becomes cheerful, and sorrow dies away. In short he enters into the spirit of whatever affects us with a sensibility and eagerness peculiar to himself ; his partial imagination broods continually over our interest ; our image, dearer to him than life, is constantly uppermost in his thoughts ; and his heart, like a string never out of tune, like an instrument ever true to the touch of a master, is invariably in unison with ours.

O friendship, thou best of blessings that the best of beings bestows on the best of mortals ! thou fairest and fullest image of heaven and immortality ! Without thee the world is dark, and life a dream ; thy voice is the language, the harmony, the mutual gratulations, of congenial and sentimental spirits ; thy presence the light, the comfort, the glory of humanity. Peace and prosperity dwell with thee ; health and happiness are in thy habitation ; hope and joy, with a thousand smiling and

nameless endearments, sparkle by thy side ; and divinity beams benignant where-ever thou art.

FROM THE MONTHLY MIRROR

MODERN FEMALE EDUCATION.

FROM the present mode of female education, one would really imagine that the people of England were Turks, and did not believe that their daughters have souls.

A lady of fashion usually brings up her daughter in the following style :

Little Miss, almost 'as soon as born, is (it may be) so straitened and pinched up in her dress (under pretence of giving her a fine shape) that her health, and perhaps her shape itself, are materially the worse for it during life.

As succeeding weeks and months roll on, her constitution receives still further detriment by the pernicious kindness of a too delicate and tender method of treatment. The nursery must always be overheated in order to be well aired ; Miss must never be dressed, or undressed, but before a large fire ; nor have her hands and face washed, but in warm milk and water, corrected with alder-flowers, or with a decoction of tansy ; nor on any pretence be carried out of the house, except when the sun shines.

At four or five years old she is taught to entertain false ideas of her own importance : her mamma will not let her be contradicted : if she fall into a passion, she must be soothed and humoured, not to say applauded as a child of spirit. If she invent a falsehood, the dear little creature, instead of being punished as she deserves, is kissed and commended for her wit.

By degrees she begins to consider herself as formed of more *refined materials*, and cast in a more *elegant mould*, than the generality of other people : she is struck with the love of pomp and equipage—grows haughty and insolent to the servants—values herself upon dress—and admires the reflection of her own face in the looking glass.

At six or seven years old, she looks over her papa and mamma as they play at

cards : and Miss has some idea of gaming before she is thoroughly versed in her A, B, C.

In due season, the care of her head is committed to a *friseur* ; a Monsieur Le Puff, from Paris. Her head-piece is also carefully cultivated by the millenner and the jeweller ; who decorate with festoons the pyramid which the friseur has raised. Perhaps, the little pullet, (shall I call her, or chicken) suddenly erects herself into a gigantic pea-hen, by tufting the pyramid with plumes half a yard high.

But what is a superb roof, without a well finished front ? Swayed by this consideration, she begins to pencil her eyebrows, and assume an artificial complexion. But let her not enamel. Let her also abstain from colouring her neck, breasts, and arms ; lest she fall a martyr to white lead, and kill herself in a few months, as some ladies of fashion have done before her.

That Miss may be thoroughly accomplished from head to foot, the aid of a *foreign dancing-master* is called in—a French governess teaches her in the language of that country ere she is well mistress of her own ; and, perhaps, poisons her mind with popery into the bargain—an Italian instructs her on the guitar—and a singing-master, at least, teaches her to squeal, if she cannot sing—she has also to attend her a monster unheard-of till now, called a *card-tutor*, that she may know how to cheat with a genteel grace when she goes into polite company.

By this time I take for granted she is a perfect adept in several smaller, but not unnecessary embellishments, such as to lisp, mince some words, to be utterly unable to pronounce some letters, to be extremely near sighted, to toss the fan with elegance, to kiss a lap-dog with delicacy, to languish with propriety, and be just ready on some occasions to faint away judiciously.

But now for routes, assemblies, balls, operas, public gardens, masquerades, card parties, ridottos, and theatres ; in a word, for every dissipation that can exhaust money, stifle reflection, kill time, gratify the lust of the eye, and feed the pride of life.

Amidst all this profusion, if Miss does not inherit what is called a great fortune, she may probably lie upon hands, and die at last without changing her name. But

if she be entitled to an opulent estate, it may sell her to some rake of distinction, and they may live together without quarrelling about *three days*; and prove faithful to each other *for near a week*. I mean, she may marry a rake of distinction, if she doth not previously steal a flying march to *Scotland* with her father's butler, or valet de chambre, or the friseur above-mentioned; in which case, the disappointed rake of distinction must hunt for a wife elsewhere.

I should have observed, in its proper place, that Miss would have been carried within the walls of the church a few weeks after she was born, if the clergymen had not been sent for to christen her at home. She would also have gone to church on her wedding-day, but for one or other of the following circumstances—supposing she takes a trip to Scotland, going to church on the occasion is out of the question; and if she marry with her parents' consent, 'tis ten to one that the ceremony is performed in her mamma's drawing room, by special licence. I must add, that she would certainly see the inside of a church (to wit, after lying-in) if it were not the fashion among people of quality to be chamber'd instead of church'd, by having the thanksgiving service read in their own respective apartments. And thus, perhaps, Miss never enters the house of God, till, at her interment, she is carried in, feet foremost.

A FRAGMENT

*** MY wooden clock struck two! *** The vigilant protectors of our property were nodding o'er their dim tapers.—Grimalkin on the tiles, was squalling in pathetic concert with his favorite concubine, whilst the pale illuminator of the night was snoring behind an accommodating cloud. The votaries of dissipation were finishing their constitutions at the tavern. The *Bon-ton* were finishing their fortunes at the gaming table, and the *haut-ton* were finishing their gin at the bar—rogues were labouring to ornament their necks with halters—and pothouses vomitted forth their *dead-drunk*!

*** It was an awful hour!—The urgent solicitations of my landlady, for the reduction of my enormous score, and her threat of turning me out of doors, in case of my non-compliance, added to the in-

formation that I had received at the Grocers shop that I was to have nothing more upon tick, filled my mind with gloomy apprehensions.—Fantastic forms of unpaid creditors rushed before me, and tortured my ears with loud cries of "pay me!"—Horrid phantoms (in the shape of bailiffs) assailed me, and, in menacing attitudes, prepared to grasp my trembling arm.—Methought a lock-up-house op'd its craving jaws to swallow me! Light fled from the wick of my exhausted candle, and I sunk upon the floor.—My senses were benumbed with superlative horror.

*** I am ignorant of the length of time that I remained in this dreadful situation: I was awakened from it by reiterated cries of "MURDER!" I made an effort to raise my feeble frame, but my tottering-legs refused to assist me. The cry was repeated, and I distinguished it to be the cry of a female. The thoughts of succouring a female in distress, added strength to my efforts; and, with some difficulty, I rose from the floor, and reached the portal of my garret, from which I descended to the chamber whence the dismal cry issued I tremblingly opened the door.

I shall not insult my readers by attempting to describe my feelings when I discovered—a drunken cobbler treating his amiable rib with the discipline of his strap!

*** Like a knight errant of yore, I prepared to succour the distressed damsel from the rude assaults of her merciless tyrant; but, judge of my surprise, when I was saluted by her in the following elegant language, "Muster Scribble," she exclaimed, "I vonders at your impudence; it's very ard if people may'nt do as they likes in their own room, vithout hother P-ople's poking their noses in! If my ould-man chuses to leather me, nobody han't nothing to do with it; so brush up to your cockloft, and mind your own business."

The concluding part of Mrs. Jobson's sublime oration, impressed itself on my mind, and I brushed (to adopt her elegant language) into my garret, crept into bed, and (with the kind and polite permission of my bosom friends, the bugs and fleas) forgot my cares in the snoring deity.

There is nothing more universally commended than a *fine day*. The reason is, people can commend without *envy*.

DR. FRANKLIN.

THE doctor, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston: in his journey he stopped at one of their inns; the landlord of which, possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive even to impertinence, into the business of every stranger. The doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The doctor well knew the dispositions of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come and go over the same ground, determined to stop him. "Have you a wife, landlord?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Pray let me see her." Madame was introduced with much form. "How many children have you?" Four, Sir.—"I should be happy to see them." The children were sought and introduced. "How many servants have you?"—"Two, Sir; a man and a woman."—"Pray fetch them." When they came, the doctor asked if there was any one else in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed himself to them with much solemnity: "My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself: my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer; forty-five years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going from thence to Boston: I sent for you all, that if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace."

WOMAN.

A beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet, the peacock, parrot and swan, shall pay contribution to her muff, the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems, and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishments of a creature that is the most consummate work of it.

Industry and economy are the hinges upon which turns the door to the temple of fortune.

AN ADDRESS TO FASHION.

'TIS to thee, O Fashion? I address myself; whose voice even the deaf can hear! whose fascinating form even the blind can see! whose sway extendeth over both old and young—prince and peasant! Before thee Wisdom "loses discontentment," and like folly shews;" seeing thy power is unlimited, thy dominion resistless, and thy reign is predominant over the hearts of the fair.—'Tis at thy shrine they devote themselves with unabating zeal: 'tis at thy call they emulously strive who shall first obey thy imperious mandate: in thy cause their utmost powers are exerted, who hold in chains, even the boasted lords of the creation. In obeying thy injunctions, what will they not forego! what sacrifices will they not make! At thy command, they have tottered under the weight of enormous head-dresses, have barricaded themselves in buckram and whalebone, have encircled themselves with massy hoops, as an entrenchment, and fortified themselves as against an host of foes. Yet all thy call have they dispensed with all, given up all the out-works which they seemed to place such confidence in, and gone into the opposite extreme, scarcely leaving covering sufficient to repel a besieger! In obedience to thy mandate, they expose their lovely forms to the rude glare of licentiousness, and leave them undefended to the keen blasts of Boreas, or the scorching kisses of Phoebus: "The icy phang, and churlish chiding of the winter's wind," is drowned by thy prevailing voice: nor will they screen themselves from the burning rays of the sun, if thou forbid it! For thee they sacrifice ease and health—even health—the sweetest companion of the fair—which paints their cheeks with roses, which makes their eyes sparkle with lustre, and adds radiance to beauty—even thou art neglected, if Fashion require it. For thy sake, O tyrant Fashion, they bedaub their cheeks with paints and creams; for thee they will bereave themselves of the lovely tresses which adorn their heads—the precious gift of Nature, which she hath given them for a covering—to be supplied by the fantastical hand of Art! 'Tis thy voice drowns the once regarded voice of Modesty itself—once dear to every virtuous female breast, which consecrated beauty, and doubly enhanced its value. Yet Modesty, once so honoured, must yield, and retire unheeded by the gay votaries of fashion. And is then Modesty quite dis-

regarded? quite forgotten by the fair? No—there are yet those who scorn Fashion's despotic sway, when it exceeds the bounds of Modesty, who can resist its lawless force, nor follow the giddy track of Fashion further than virtue and decorum warrants. May, then, thy votaries, O Fashion, decrease, till, restored to proper limits, thou shalt only use thy influence to adorn and ornament beauty, instead of imparting and degrading it.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

TIME is never more mispent, than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinged with peevishness. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of customs; all that is passed in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up to the reciprocation of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small, of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease, or happiness, are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

The Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Sir, The enclosed lines are from the Poetical Productions of the late JOHN MARRIOT, an author, whose works though not much celebrated in the literary world, are deserving the approbation of every friend to merit. Please to give them a place in the 'Visitor', and oblige one of your readers.

ON RETIREMENT.

Nigh where, with chrystal stream, the impetuous rill,
Hoarse murmuring flows adown the fertile vale;
Where sylvan shades adorn the moss crown'd hill,
And bending poplars court the whispering gale.

How sweet, with mind contemplative, to stray
Far from the scene where mirth intemperate reigns

What time slow twilight shades the face of day,
And awful stillness rules the shadowy plains.

Save where, with warbling note amidst the grove,
Sweet Philomela tunes her evening song,
Whilst for her consort's loss the woodland dove
Complaining coos, the towering elms among.

For this the sage forsakes the gilded dome,
And hither oft, with devious pace retires;
Here musing contemplation loves to roam;
Here solitude the serious thought inspires.

Tir'd of the world and pleasures giddy sphere,
Hither, with wandering steps, oft let me stray;
Whilst true repentance prompts the swelling tear,
And the still voice of truth directs my way.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1806.

A motion has been made in the legislature of Virginia, to the following purport: That this house in order to express the high sense it entertains of the valor and intrepidity of Lieutenant Pressly N. O'Bannon, a citizen of this commonwealth, in executing the order of his gallant commander, in the attack and capture of Derne, in conjunction with his brave countrymen, and as honorary reward for his services in the expedition against Tripoli, that the executive of this commonwealth be requested, and they are hereby requested to have made, a sword of the manufacture of Virginia, and a gold medal, one side of which shall be engraved with a description of the achievement in erecting the American standard on the walls of Derne, and the other side with the figure of the Goddess of Liberty, holding in one hand a sword, and pointing with the other towards the battle, with the following motto on the same side—

"Let my votaries be assured of my protection."

And that the executive be requested to take the earliest opportunity which may offer, after the said sword and medal are prepared, of presenting them to lieutenant O'Bannon.

Ordered That the said resolution do lie on the table.

Captain Harvey has favoured us with a file of the Political and Commercial Gazette of Hayti to the 18th Dec. In one of them, we notice a decree of the Emperor, of the 24th Nov. prohibiting the importation of Salt, in foreign vessels, under penalty of confiscation.

A few days before capt. Harvey sailed, intelligence reached Cape Francois, that three Italian vessels, two ships and a brig, which had sailed from Italy, for Carthage-na, on the Spanish main, having, in the expectation of making a great voyage, entered the port of Aux Cayes, the crews were immediately arrested, by order of Dessalines, and thrown into prison; they were afterwards tried, condemned, and all of them executed, on the ground that Bonaparte, being the king of Italy, was their sovereign, and they must consequently suffer as his subjects.— *Charl. Courier.*

Extract of a letter from Lisbon, to a gentleman now in Washington, dated Lisbon Dec. 6.

"An hour since the Mail arrived—Unofficial advice says to me that Vienna is taken, and a contribution of a million sterling levied. Venice and Tyrol, and twelve strong holds given to the French as security for an armistice whilst a peace is negotiated."

Accident. On Wednesday evening (says a southern print) as Mr. Madison was stepping out of his door, he fell, and thereby suffered a dislocation of one of his knees.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Giles, on his way to the seat of government, has been thrown from a carriage, and fractured his leg. We are not apprised of the full extent of the injury which he has received, or whether it will prevent his taking his seat in the Senate.—*Nat. Intel.*

Our city inspector reports the death of 33 persons (of whom 12 were men, 9 women, 7 boys, and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 2, casualties 2, (a child aged nine months, accidentally burnt; and a young man of 19, in consequence of a cut in the wrist) consumption 5, convulsions 3, decay 1, dropsy 4, malignant fever 1, nervous fever 1, putrid fever 1, rheumatic fever 1, typhus fever 1, hives 6, old age 1, pleurisy 1, scald head 1, sprue 1, and 1 of small pox.

THEATRE. On Monday evening, a candidate for Theatrical preferment, made his first appearance on any stage, as CARLOS, in the popular Comic Opera, *The Duenna.*

To appear before the public in a character which requires no ordinary share of musical ability, is a task, which we think, our stranger had not duly appreciated.

A numerous and respectable audience were assembled on this occasion. And though they could not discover such talent as to justly claim their praise, yet they manifested but little propensity to blame.

Wednesday 29th. *Who wants a Guinea?* (Colman, the younger,) with the *Padlock.*

Friday 31st. *Cheap Living,* (F. Reynolds,) with *My Grandmother.*

To Readers and Correspondents.

We thank the gentleman who sent us the beautiful lines *ON RETIREMENT.* Further communications are solicited.

On the perusal of the *POETICAL SKETCH* in our last page, many will we think, have "to wipe their eyes of tears engendered by sacred pity." The gentleman who selected it for our Miscellany, is informed that every future communication, will claim our additional and grateful acknowledgment.

We are at a loss how to express a proper sense of the gratitude we feel in acknowledging the unexpected patronage which we have experienced, our subscription having increased more than one-half in addition to its number at the commencement of the present volume. We will strive to merit such generous encouragement.

"Seventy-five passages from Scripture," if found correct, shall have a place in our next.

"Lines on the subject of the Yellow Fever" are not sufficiently perspicuous to meet the public eye. Our Fair Correspondent will forgive our not inserting them.

"*DRAMATICUS*" must adopt a more judicious manner of conveying his ideas, before we can permit his strictures to obtain a place in our miscellany.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Apollon Potter, of Jersey, to Miss Mary Smith, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledoller, Captain John Ellis, of Nantucket, to Miss Eunice Coleman, of the same place

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Peter Cadmees, to Miss Jane Arents, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 18th inst. at Huntington Long-Island by the Rev. Doctor Schenk, Mr. Benjamin S. Langdon, of this city, to Miss Jane Brush, daughter of Judge Brush, of that place.

On Saturday evening the 18th inst. at Hempstead, Long-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. William Jones, of Cold Spring, to Miss Amy Simmons, of Jerusalem.

On Sunday sennight at George Town, by the Rev. Mr. Balch, Mr. Nicholas Hingston, Merchant of Alexandria, to Miss Elizabeth Bloomfield, sister to the celebrated author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c.

In New-Jersey, Alexander Wright, to Miss Mary Tindall; William Schlatter, of Philadelphia, to Miss Catharine Vaughn Lyon; James Agnew, to Miss Howell, daughter of the late Governor Howell; and Daniel Hillman, to Miss Grace Haines.

At Edenton, N. C. James W. Langley, of Norfolk, to Miss Harriet Slade; Richard C. Archer, Esq. to Miss Eliza Street; and George Silverthorne, to Miss Peggy Steed, of Bermuda Island.

....."all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Saturday afternoon, after a long and severe illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. Haybert Van Wagenen, aged eighty years.

On the 13th instant, at his residence in Smithfields, Virginia, Mr. William Patrick, formerly of the house of Shedden, Patrick, & Co. of New-York.

In the seventy fourth year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Bogert, wife of James Bogert, senr.

At New-London, on the 26th inst. aged 72, the Hon. Richard Law, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court for the District of Connecticut, and Mayor of the city of New-London.

NOW IN THE PRESS,

And will be Published early in the Spring,
AN ELEGANT EDITION OF
BROWN'S FAMILY BIBLE;
By ROBERT M'DERMUT,
Pearl-street.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,
Will be presented, (5th time) the celebrated
comedy of
WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
The After-piece of
THE QUAKER;
OR, *BENEVOLENT FRIEND.*

CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,
MINIATURE PAINTER,
Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes *LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET*, accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of *ten dollars*: and if not approved a likeness no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS of his work to be seen at his Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL T. BARLOWE'S, No. 6, Pine-street.

ENGLISH NUN.

Just Published and for sale by

S. Stansbury, and I. Tiebout, Water-st.
B. Dornin, and Sage & Thompson,
Pearl-street, G. & R. Waite, Maiden Lane, D. Longworth, Park,
and — Scoles, Broadway,
price six shillings,

A new and Entertaining Novel, called

THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR

THE SORROWS OF EDWARD AND LOUISA.

Written by CATHARINE SELDEN.

Here in the shelter of this calm retreat,
Did sorrow find a safe and tranquil home;
Did meek eye'd Resignation take her seat;
And bow submission to her Maker's doom.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

tf.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices **PHYSIC**, and the profession of **SURGEON DENTIST**.

He fits **ARTIFICIAL TEETH** upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of **CLEANING THE TEETH** is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging **TOOTH-ACHE**, his **TINCTURE** has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting **CARIOUS TEETH** upon the most improved **CHIRURGICAL** principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his **ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER**, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of **TARTAR**, together with **DECAY** and **TOOTH-ACHE** prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE
TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MING'S, No 102 Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.



JOHN JONES,
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23.

tf.



N. SMITH,
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the **ROSE**; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

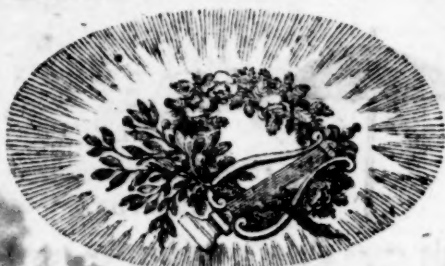
Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.



Communicated for the Weekly Visitor.

THE WIDOW.

A Poetical sketch, in imitation of Southey.

WRETCHED Matilda! her heart swell'd with anguish,
Over her children her head hung dejectedly;
When the soft voice of pity, unusual, accosted her,
"Why dost thou wander in sorrow and wretchedness?
Hast thou no husband!"

"Hast thou no husband?"—her hollow voice echoing,
(That was the string upon which all her sorrows hung.)
"Dismal my story is; listen and pity me,
I have no husband.

Long since he fell midst the battles fierce raging,
Then was my comfort and hope gone for ever;
Now sorely burthen'd with grief and my little ones,
Abject I wander.

Against my distresses I find ev'ry door shut,
None will lend ear to a wretched complainer;
Few, though to silence my loud importunity,
Throw out a halfpenny.

Soon I must perish with grief, cold, and hunger,
Soon must my children mourn over their dead mother,
Parentless, friendless, oh! thought agonizing!
To leave my poor children!

Though my stern parents, enrag'd at my marrying,
Vow'd in their anger for ever to cast me off;
Yet, could they know the fierce pangs which now torture me,
Sure they'd forgive me!"

Fast down the stranger's cheeks trickled the salt tears;
Down hung the mourner's head, she had ne'er notic'd him;

"Cease your complaining! exclaim'd he, upraising her,
I am your brother!

Thy cruel parents, alas! are laid low in dust;
There, undisturb'd, leave their failings for ever.
I'll be the friend of thy fatherless little ones,
Come then along with me."

Wildly she gaz'd at him, joy and grief mingling,
In her sunk eyeballs the tears faintly glisten'd;
Tottering towards him she, to support herself,
Sunk on his shoulders.

"Mother! don't die yet!" scream'd out the young Theodore,
"What shall Amelia and me do without you?—
Ah! dearest sister! our mother can't speak to us!—
Mother!—oh, mother!"—

Rous'd from her trance by the heart piercing accents,

Trembling she snatch'd the lov'd pair to her bosom.

Greatly the soft scene her brother affected;—
Homeward he led them.

Despair's scowling clouds which had long overshadow'd her,

Fled; there remain'd but the mist of calm-sorrow,
Hope, like the moon a long tempest succeeding,
Shone through the scatter'd gloom.

From the Farmer's MUSEUM.

To the FAIR AUTHORESS of the "Eulogy on the AMERICAN ROSCIUS"—copied from the Columbian Centinel into one of our late Museums, and "written by one of our CONNECTICUT river nymphs on a visit to Boston.

SAY! thou sweet MINSTREL of the lyre,
With MORTON'S taste and HOMER'S fire,
Say! dost thou think thy MUSE to hide
Within the city's garish pride?
Dost thou expect by borrowed name,
To silence tributary PAME?
Ah! not the bustle which awaits
The noise of town, its crowded streets,
Nor all the scenes which there amuse
Can hide thy soft thy melting MUSE:
As soon the FROST which WINTER brings
Shall clothe with ice PIERIAN Springs,
As soon the tempest which it bears
Shall hush the music of the SPHERES.

Well might the GARRICK of the AGE
Essay his powers to grace the STAGE,
For all his labours are repaid
By EULOGY, like THINE, sweet MAID.

Continue still, from LAUREL BOWERS,
To cull the choicest, fairest FLOWERS;

Continue yet to court the NINE,
And mid POETIC BEAUTIES shine:
For thou wert nurs'd at FANCY'S breast,
And GENIUS gave thee all its ZEST.

HUMOUROUS.

Affair of honour. Some weeks since, two hair dressers having quarrelled in a public house, retired to fight it out. The one was a tall lank man; the other short, thick, and plethoric. After a few rounds the combatant whose rotundity unfitted him for works of lasting prowess, just found breath to whisper forth "I'll fight no more."—The other anxiously catching the half-formed sounds, asked, "What does he say?" "Say," cried one of the seconds, "why he says he'll fight another hour." "The devil he does," returned the other, "then I'll fight no longer." Fatty was accordingly declared victor, and led from the field in triumph.

WITTY SAYINGS.

PACUVIUS TAURUS, in hopes of obtaining a present from Augustus, told him, "It was commonly reported that he had received a considerable sum from him."—"But I would not have you believe it," said the emperor.

ANOTHER asking him for a salary to a place he held, said, "that it was not for the value of the thing, but for the sake of seeming to have deserved it at his hands."—"Well," replied Augustus, "then tell every body that you receive one, and I'll not deny it."

HERENNIUS, a profligate youth, being ordered to leave the camp, earnestly entreated forgiveness, saying, "How shall I return home? What shall I say to my father?"—"Say," replied the emperor, "that I displeased you."

SOME one having in battle received a wound in his face, was vaunting of it before Augustus, who said to him, "Now this is all your own fault. When you run away you should never look behind."

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BY JOHN CLOUGH,

NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE
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